

No.1

LAUGH
IN THE

50¢

DARK



WALDO
CHEATS DEATH
IN THE
INCREDIBLE,
BLUE BUT
TRUE PAGE 32

MOVE THIS
CRATE WILL
YA! THEY'RE
GITTEN TOO
CLOSE FOR
COMFORT!

WITH YOUR
HOST...THE!
BOGEYMAN!

WELL! WHAT
ARE YOU WAIT-
ING FOR? GIVE
THE MAN
FOUR BITS AND
BRING IT
ON HOME!

Kim Deitch

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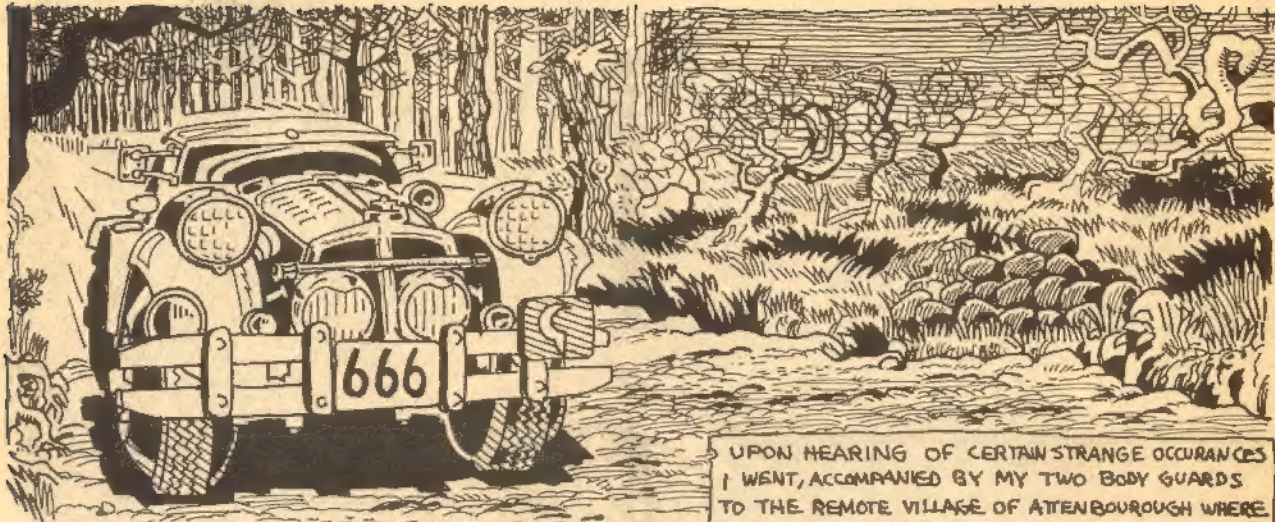




I TURNED OFF THE MAIN ROAD AT SNETON AND DROVE WEST ALONG THE NAUGHANSET RIVER...



AS THE HIGHWAY SNAKES NORTH THE COUNTRY BECOMES SEARED AND TWISTED....



UPON HEARING OF CERTAIN STRANGE OCCURRENCES
I WENT, ACCOMPANIED BY MY TWO BODY GUARDS
TO THE REMOTE VILLAGE OF ATTENBOURGH WHERE



THE INHABITANTS BACKWARD AND SUSPICIOUS, DISPLAY THE RESULTS OF GENERATIONS OF INBREEDING



I WAS TOLD I COULD FIND
IMMANUEL KANT HERE



I AM THAT MAN
WHAT DO YOU WANT?



FROM HIM I LEARNED OF
THE EXISTENCE OF
SEVERAL UNUSUAL MOUNDS
WHICH APPEARED IN THE AREA



WE SPOKE OF RECENT KILLINGS



THAT HAD CAUSED GREAT ALARM

THE VICTIMS HORRIBLY MUTILATED
AS IF BY SOME UNNATURAL FORCE

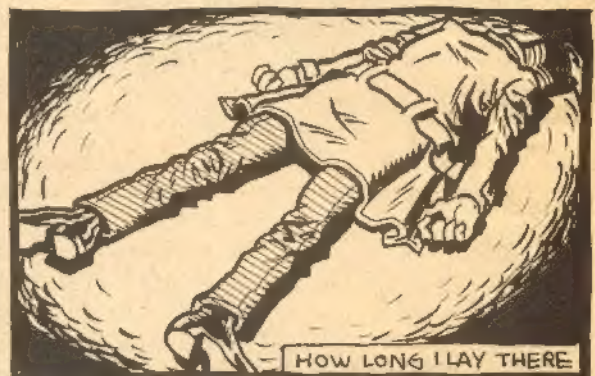


TAKE YOUR POSITIONS MEN



WE STATIONED OURSELVES IN AN
ABANDONED CABIN NEAR THE MOUNDS





AND WHY I WAS SPARED THE GRIZZLEY FATE OF MY COMPANIONS REMAINS A MYSTERY



THE NEXT DAY
I GAVE CLOSER
SCRUTINY
TO THE MOUNDS
HOPING PERHAPS
TO DESTROY THEM
I BROUGHT PETROL
AND MATCHES

HMM ALL THE MOUNDS
SEEM TO END NEAR THAT
OLD MANSION



I WONDER WHAT THIS CURIOUS
OLD TOME CAN TELL ME?



OCTOBER 16, 1673 AUGUSTUS
SNIPES AND HIS FAMILY MOVED
TO THESE PRECINCTS SEEKING
REFUGE FROM THOSE WHO
HAVE PERSECUTED US FOR
OUR UNORTHODOX BELIEFS AND
PRACTICES, OUR WORSHIP OF
THE ELDER GODS AND ...



THE YEARS PAST, WE WENT
ABOUT OUR ANCIENT WAYS
AS IN DAYS LONG FORGOTTEN...

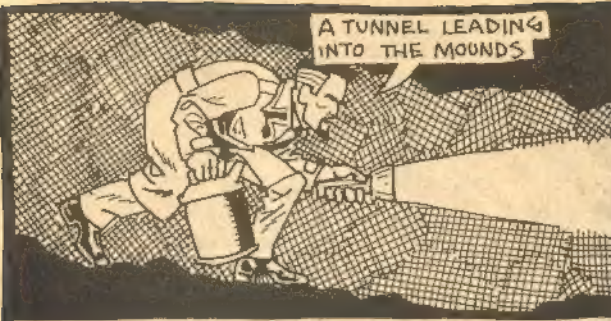


FINALLY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1754
THE IGNORANT AND SUPERSTITIOUS
TOWNFOLK HAVE DRIVEN US
FROM OUR SANCTUARY HERE...
THE BOOK ENDS



I WONDER WHERE
THIS OPENING LEADS

A TUNNEL LEADING
INTO THE MOUNDS



SUDDENLY I STUMBLED UPON THE GRIZZLEY
REMAINS OF THEIR HAPLESS VICTIMS...AT
LAST I KNEW THEIR SECRET

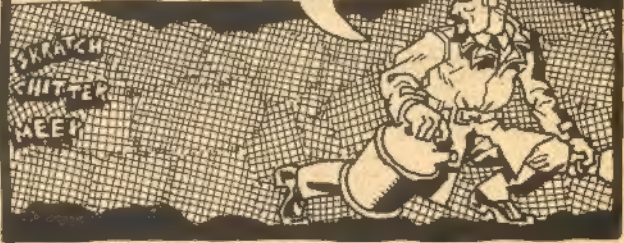
WHATS THIS?
... UGH!



DRIVEN INTO THE CAVERNS BELOW THE SNIPES LIVED
ON, BREEDING AMONGST THEMSELVES, SOME HOW
REGRESSING BACK DOWN THE EVOLUTIONARY CHAIN



ID BETTER GET BACK, LETS SEE...
WHICH TURN DID I MAKE...WHATS THAT NOISE!



CHITTER
MEEP
CHITTER
CHITTER
MEEP
MEEP

IT APPEARED THAT ALL WAS LOST
AND I PREPARED TO MEET MY FATE
TAKING MY PURSUERS WITH ME

GLUG
GLUG
GLUG



BUT THEN



WHAT? AN OPENING
AHEAD!

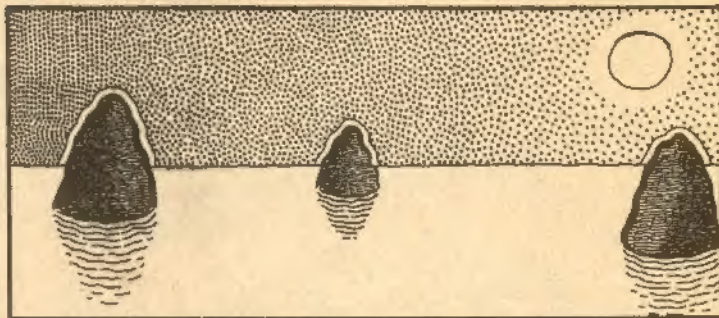


THE FIRE POURED THRU THE MOUNDS
INTO THE MANSION. HAD I RID THE
WORLD OF THIS OBSCENE HORROR?
TO THIS DAY I SHUDDER TO THINK
OF THE TERROR WHICH MAY LURK, TO
SOMEDAY LOOSE ITSELF ON HUMANITY



DR. POOH RASS,
RECENTLY HAS DISCOVERED A POTENT
MIND DRUG WHICH TENDS TO MAKE
ONE

DISCOUSE IT





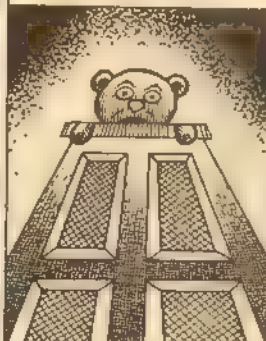
AS I SIT WITHIN **RASSCOURT**
CASTLE WRITING DOWN MY **FORMULAS**
 AND **DISCOVERIES**, I FAINTLY HEAR
 THE **SOUND** OF AN **AIRPLANE**
ENGINE VIBRATING THROU-
 GHOUT THE **ATMOSPHERE**.

THIS **SOUND** SO **COMPLETELY**
ENVELOPES MY **PRESENT** **STATE**
 OF **MIND** THAT MY **SENSES** BE-
 COME **LOCKED** IN A **STATE** OF
SUSPENSION.



THE SOUND SOON
FADES AWAY INTO
THE EVER PRESENT
SILENCE OF THIS
AUGUST NIGHT,
AND I SUDDENLY
REALIZE HOW IN-
VOLVED I'VE BEEN
IN MY STUDIES,
AND THE LATE-
NESS OF THE
HOUR.

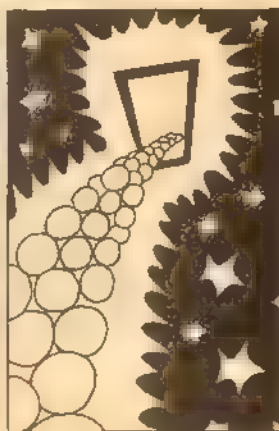
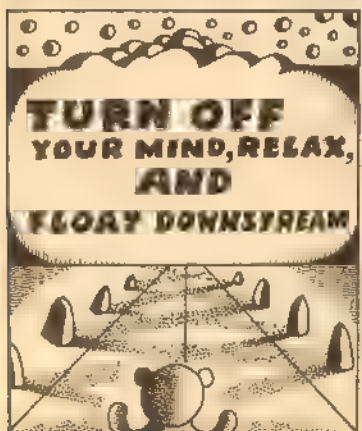
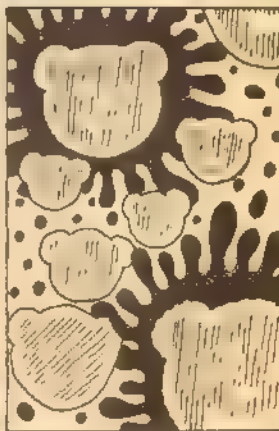
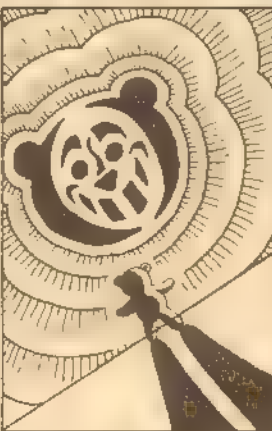
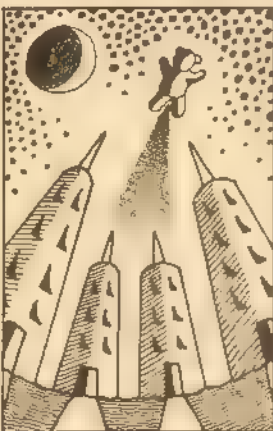
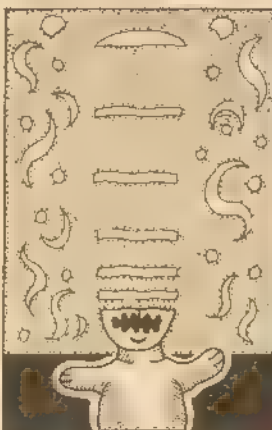
FOR THE PAST FIVE
YEARS NOW I HAVE
BEEN DEEPLY INTER-
ESTED IN THE STUDY
OF MIND EXPANSION.



I HAVE WRITTEN A
SERIES OF BOOKS ON
THE SUBJECT AND
HAVE BEEN DEVEL-
OPING AN EXTREME-
LY POTENT MIND
DRUG.



MY YEARS OF HARD
LABOR ARE AT LAST
REWARDED! THE
DRUG IS READY AND
I HAVE JUST INJECT-
ED IT INTO MY
SYSTEM.



**TURN OFF
YOUR MIND, RELAX,
AND
FLOAT DOWNSTREAM**





OCEAN-VIEW AMUSEMENT PARK HAS BEEN SHUT DOWN EVER SINCE THE TERRORS OF '54 WREAKED HAVOC WITH ITS SHAKY FOUNDATION

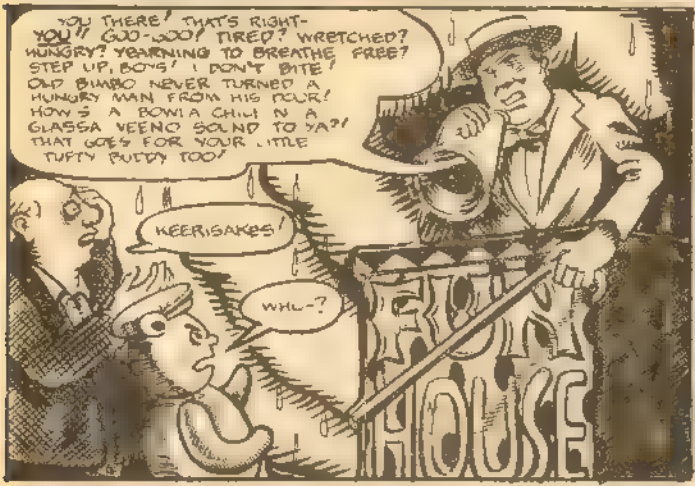


PRIVATE FUN-HOUSE

EVEN A DERELICT ON HIS LAST LEGS WOULDN'T HOLE-UP IN THIS RAT-INFESTED FIRE TRAP...

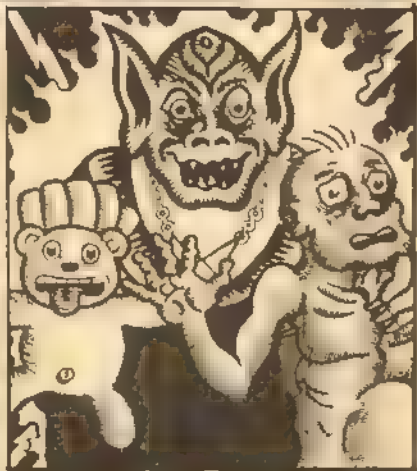


UNLESS HE WAS JUST PLAIN STUPID



"WELL, WELL, WELL MY PATHETIC PAIR!! IT IS A DIM PROGNOSIS I FORSEE FOR YOU!"

DIM, YOU SCUM!!!
FOR ETERNITY!



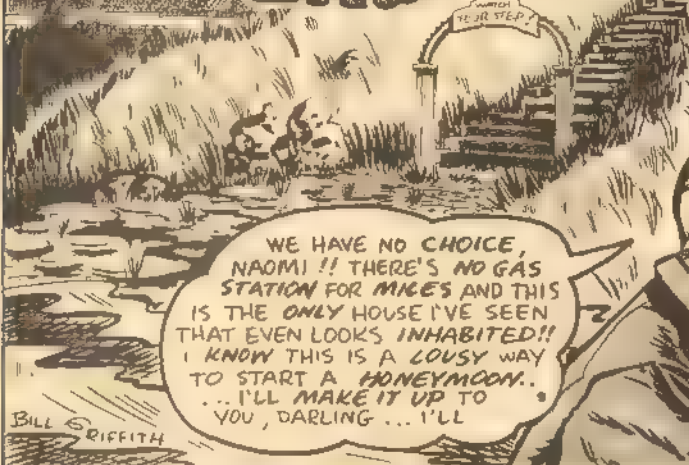
THE END



HIYA KIDS HIYA, HIYA!! NAHHH. IT'S NOT THE MONSTER FROM THE CRYPT OR THE DECAYING VAULT KEEPER OR THE CREATURE FROM THE BATHROOM SINK. IT'S ONLY CHARMING, DEBONAIRE SOPHISTICATED OLD ME. YOU-KNOW-WHO... WELL, YOU DO KNOW WHO, DON'T YOU?.. IT BEGINS WITH A T.. WELL, ANYWAY, HERE'S A TALE FOR YOUR NIGHT-TIME EDIFICATION FROM THE RECESSES OF MY TWISTED BRAIN TO THE RECESSES OF YOUR TWISTED BRAIN!! WATCH, AS I FINALLY GET MY WELL-DESERVED COMEUPPANCE IN..



THE TOAD ON THE HILL ???



WE HAVE NO CHOICE, NAOMI!! THERE'S NO GAS STATION FOR MICE AND THIS IS THE ONLY HOUSE I'VE SEEN THAT EVEN LOOKS INHABITED!! I KNOW THIS IS A LOUSY WAY TO START A HONEYMOON... I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU, DARLING... I'LL

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT DEAR BUT I JUST HAVE THIS FEELING... YOU KNOW... LIKE THE TIME IN THE MOTEL...

BILL RIFFITH



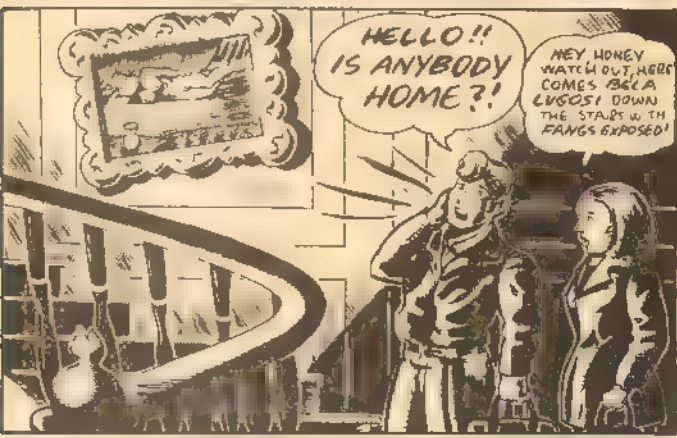
STRANGE, THE DOOR'S OPEN. DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE AT HOME. KINDA SPOOKY. HUH NAOMI... NAOMI!!

I. I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, D. DEAR!



WOULD YOU LOOK AT US, NOW.. ACTING LIKE A COUPLE OF SCARED KIDS IN A "HAUNTED HOUSE" ...WEH...

YEAH. HOW SILLY CAN YOU GET?... IT'S REALLY A VERY QUAIN'T PLACE..



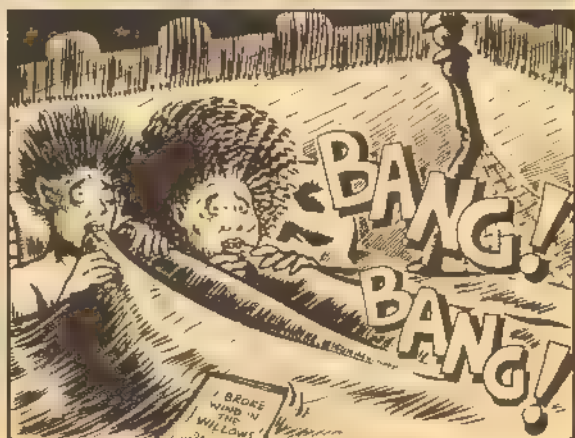
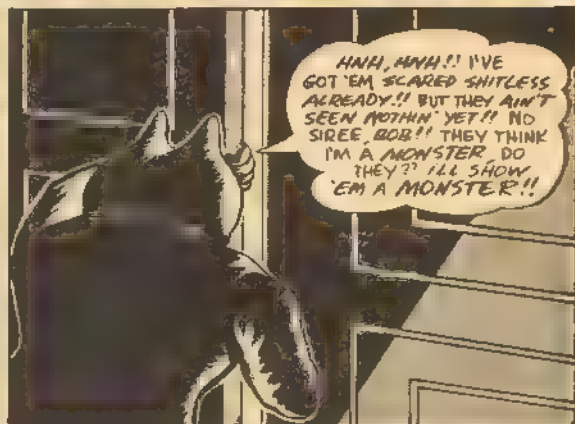
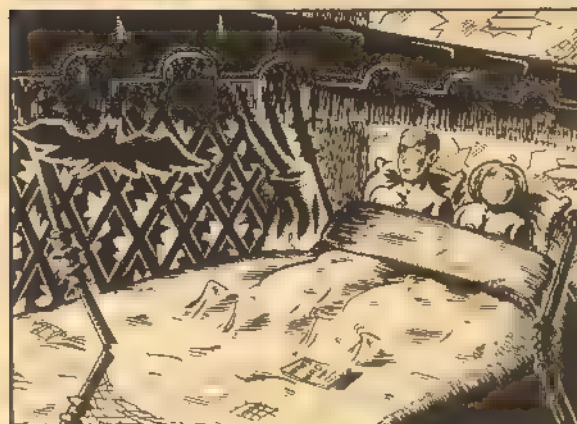
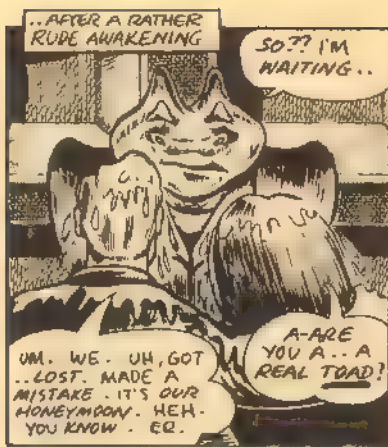
HELLO!! IS ANYBODY HOME?!

HEY, HONEY WATCH OUT, HERE COMES BECA CUGOSI! DOWN THE STAIRS WITH FRANGS EXPOSED!



WHERE?!

OH, DEAR. YOU BIG BABY.. I WAS JUST JOKING! WHY, YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF ON A TREE.. MY DOOR BABY. IT'S O.K. IT'S O.K..



AFTER A RATHER RUDE AWAKENING

SO?? I'M WAITING...

UM. WE. UH. GOT .. LOST. MADE A MISTAKE. IT'S OUR HONEYMOON. HEH. YOU KNOW .. ER

A-ARE YOU A. A REAL TOAD?

WHAT'S IT TO YA, SISTER? .. SURE I'M A TOAD.. *BUFO BUFO. IF YOU WANT IT IN LATIN....

WELL.. LIKE MY HUSBAND SAID. WE WERE JUST P. PASSING BY AND SAW YOUR B-BEAUTIFUL HOUSE BUT N-NOW WE HAVE TO G-GO. DON'T WE?

YOU'RE NOT FOOILING ME. I HEARD YOUR CAR SPOTTERING UP THE ROAD.. -THE NEXT HOUSE IS TEN MILES AWAY AND THE BRIDGE WASHED OUT LAST NIGHT. "SMART GUY"

WELL

THIS IS THE BRIDAL SUITE, FOLKS. I HOPE IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR YA. TREAT HER KIND NOW, SPORT !! I DON'T WANT A BIG LAUNDRY BILL IN THE MORNING !! HAH ! HAH !

ULP!

URP!

HHH, HHH!! I'VE GOT 'EM SCARED SHITLESS ALREADY!! BUT THEY AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN YET!! NO SIREE ROB!! THEY THINK I'M A MONSTER. DO THEY?? I'LL SHOW 'EM A MONSTER!!

.. NOW, I'LL NEED JUST THE RIGHT THING... FNEH... OOOH!! I KNOW.. AH, YES.. NNNH.. YESSSS

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

I BROKE WIND IN THE WILDS

* MR TOAD'S NOT LYING !!



HEH HEH HEH
HNN HNN HNN



I WANT TO
THUCK YOUR
BLAND!!



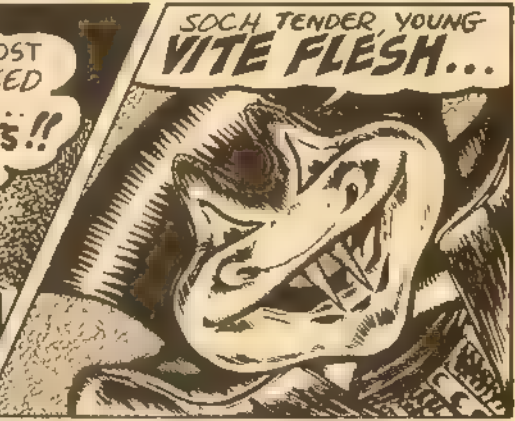
IT IS I...

DRACUTOAD



going

NNNH.. JOST
VOT I NEED
FOR MY...
EXPERIMENTS!!



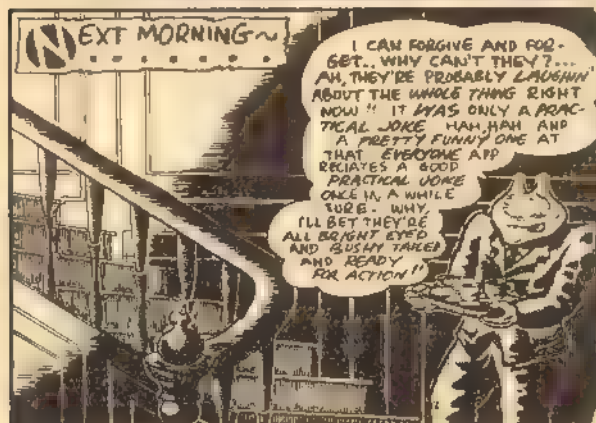
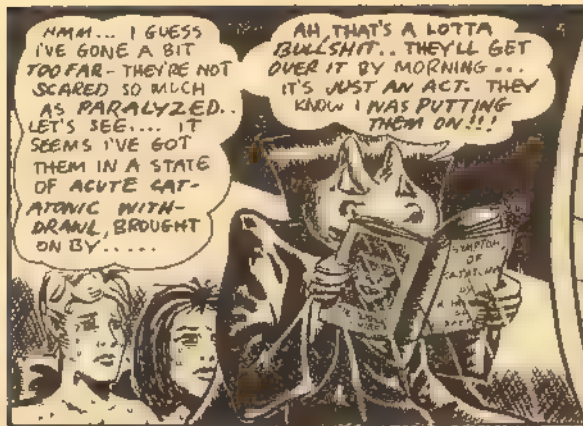
SOCH TENDER, YOUNG-
VITE FLESH...



AND GETTING VITER ALL THE
TIME... EH, MY DEAR, SWEET
BOY... VOT IS IT... CAT GOT
YOUR
TONGUE??



COME, COME NOW. COUNT DRACUTOAD
DOES NOT VISH TO HARM YOU, MY
LITTLE VIRGIN.. HE ONLY WANT'S
YOUR VITAL FLUIDS... YES, MY
LOVELY RELAX... RELAX...
SLEEPP.



The TERRIBLE OLD MAN

As interpreted for HOARY RORY by HARRY Perry Folio



The Terrible Old Man dwelt at the edge of town, in a scoreless old house, from which he seldom



which he always paid for in silver and gold Spanish doubloons worth a fortune in numismatic value alone.



men whose coming pains no good. Cautious by nature, they left one as a lookout,



The next day a patroling constable discovered three horribly slashed and mutilated bodies in the hoary marches!



venturing as the townsfolk feared and shunned him whenever he



One evening, after such a trip, three burly strangers sat in the local tavern sipping cheap grog and discussing the old man's obvious senility and the wizen



who, after a long, long wait, was startled by the sound of what he thought was his pale; but when he looked, there stood



For many nights thereafter small groups of townsfolk gathered in dark streets, fearfully talking of the grisly



made a trip to the marketplace to buy his few dietary necessities,



which must be hidden in his musty old house, up to which they stealthily crept late that same night, their collective manner that of



THE TERRIBLE OLD MAN!



find and who might be responsible for it. They never considered the tottering hermit-like ancient known locally as

The Terrible Old Man!

BOOYIE RATGIE HORROR YARN



WILFRED FLANCE, WORLD FAMOUS NOAX EXHUMER AND ETHNO-RESEARCHIST WAS ASLEEP ONE NIGHT..

HIS MANSION, ALTHOUGH STARTING TO ROT AND CRUMBLE, WAS IDEALLY LOCATED ON THE EDGE OF THE MURKY GOOLUZZIAN SEA....

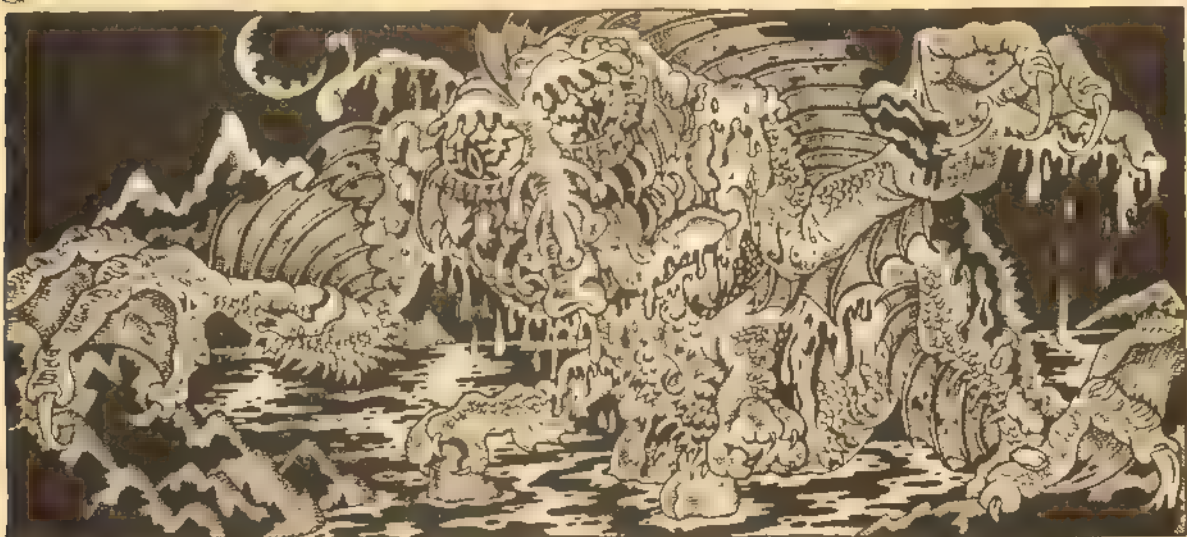


THOUSANDS OF GOOLUZZIAN SEA SAMPLES, MUSTY TOMES, AND OBTUSE APPARATUS FILLED FLANCES BASEMENT LABORATORY.. FOR YEARS HE HAD VAINLY ATTEMPTED TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE HORRID TIDE MONSTER..

WHILE FLANCE SLEPT, HIS BEAUTIFUL BUT STRANGE ASSISTANT, FATIMA, KEPT WATCH OVER THE MANSION AND GUARDED HIS SLUMBER FROM INTRUSION...



MEANWHILE OUTSIDE, THE LOATHSOME TIDE MONSTER EMERGED FROM THE STINKING INKY WATER...



THE HIDEOUS CREATURE OOZING SLIME ALL THE WAY, CREEPT TO FLANCE'S MANSION, WHERE UPON, IT BURST THROUGH THE DOOR! FATIMA EMPTIED HER AUTOMATIC INTO IT BEFORE BEING ENGULFED BY ITS PUTRID MAW.

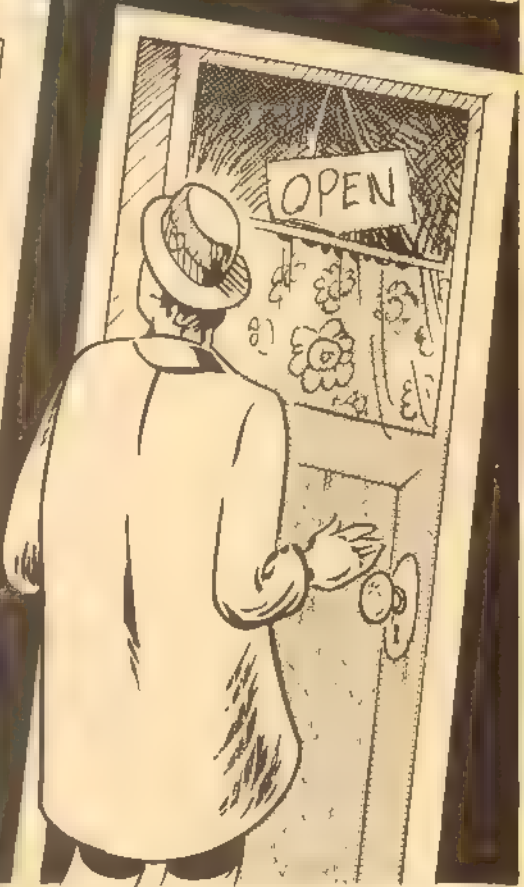


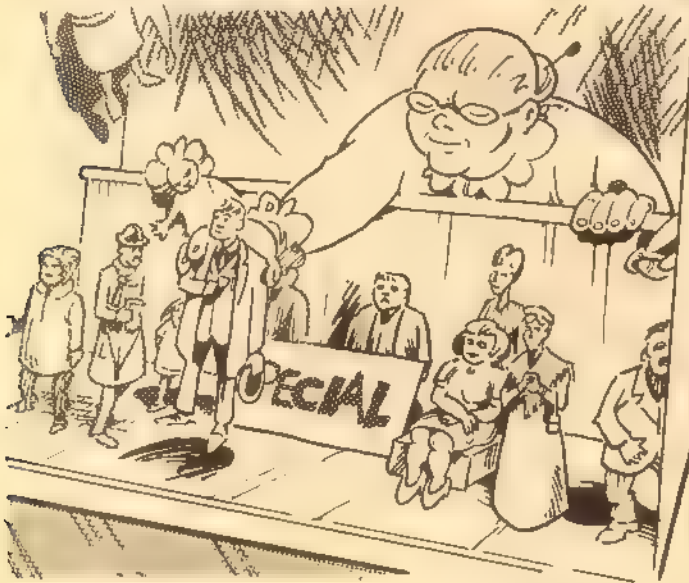
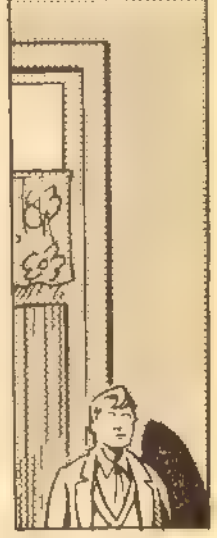
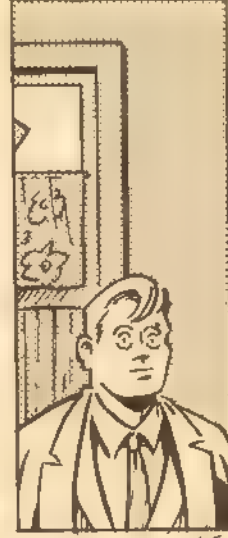
THE ODIUS TIDE MONSTER THEN BROKE INTO FLANCE'S ROOM! HE AWOKE IN COLD HORROR AS IT LANDED UPON HIS BED, SECONDS LATER HE WAS MUSH IN ITS FOUL GULLET!

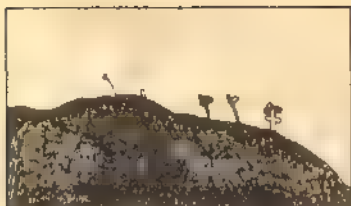
AS FATIMA AND WILFRED WERE BEING DIGESTED DEEP IN THE DISGUSTING CHURNING GUTS OF THE TIDE MONSTER, ANOTHER ONE GREW DOWNSTAIRS INSIDE A SEA SAMPLE - NO RIDDLE REMAINS, MISTER FLANCE..



DOLL HOUSE





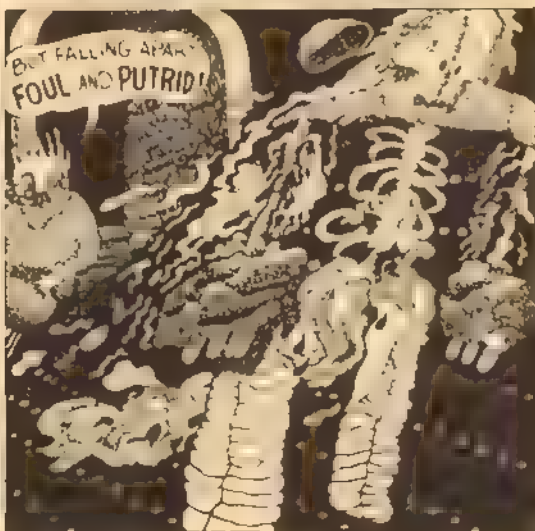


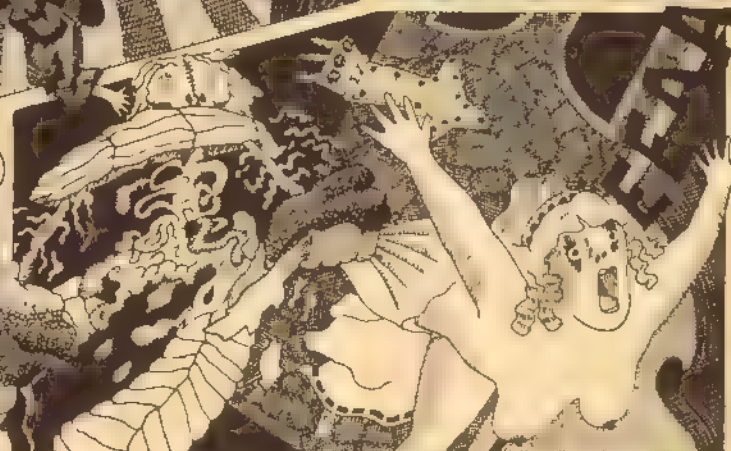
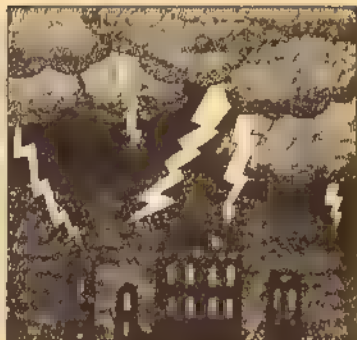
IN HER TOWER ROOM, THE BRIDE EDU, A RESTLESSLY
AWAITS EDMUND'S RETURN FROM THE LABORATORY



WHILE AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN THE DRIPPING DEPTHS



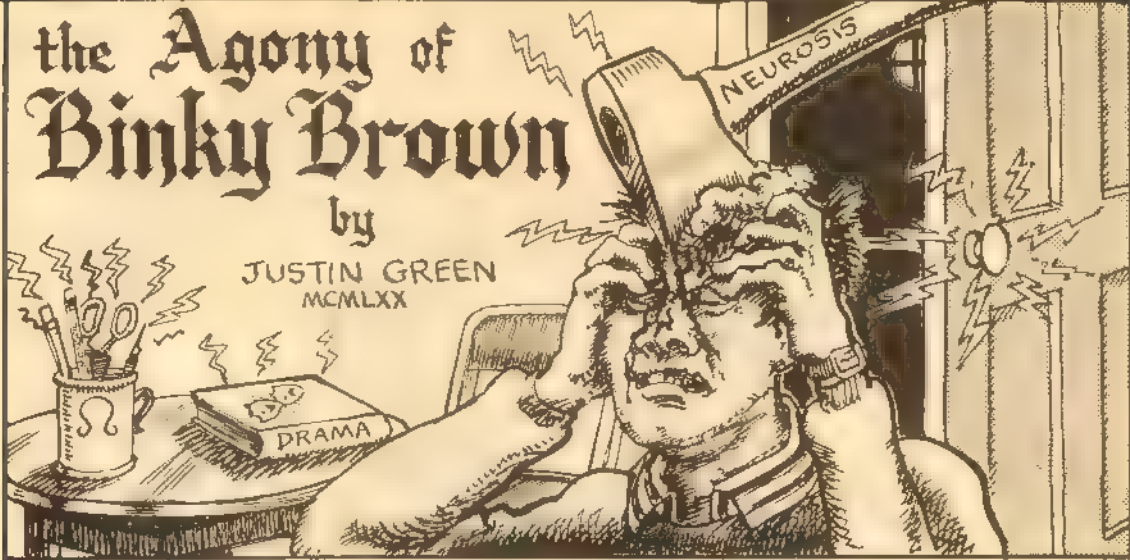




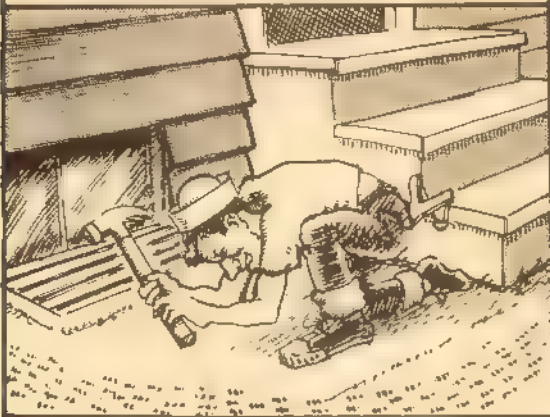
"IT WAS I, NOT GOD, WHO BUTCHERED MY BRAIN AND CARVED MY LIFE
SO I COULD RETAIN UNBLOODY HANDS IN SELF-DEEMED MISDEED." - J.G.

the Agony of Binky Brown

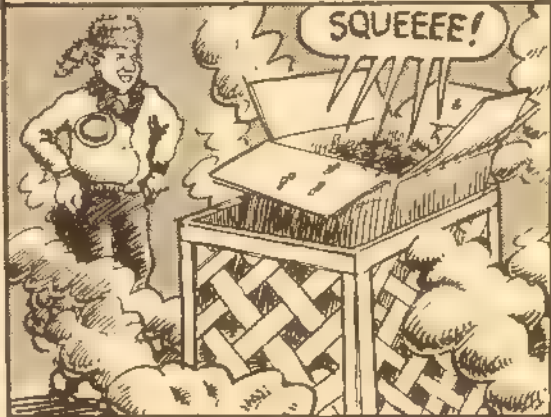
by
JUSTIN GREEN
MCMLXX



AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO BEGIN
WOULD BE ONE SUNNY DAY IN '49,
WHEN THE YOUNG BROWN MAIMED
A PROCESSION OF ANTS...



IN '53, YEAR OF THE LOCUST, BINKY
THREW A CARTON CHOCK FULL O'
HUGE, BLACK, AND HELPLESS INSECTS
INTO A RAGING INCINERATOR.



IN FACT, HE BURNED
ALL HIS HORROR
COMIC BOOKS, TOO.

THESE THINGS ARE
EVIL!

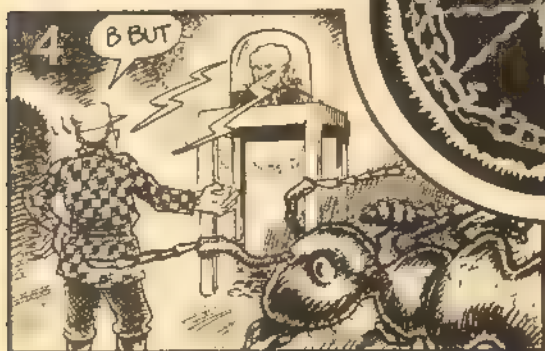
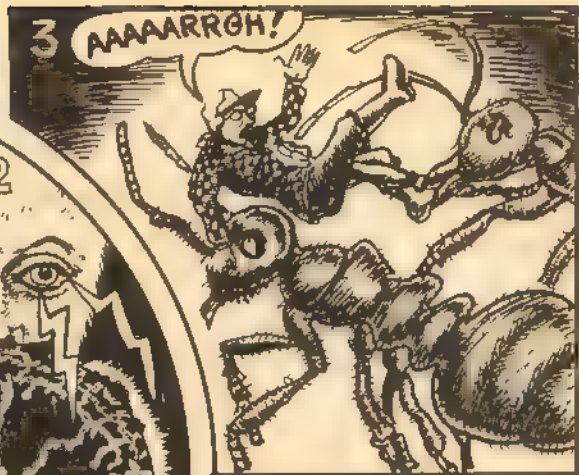


B.B TOOK THE IDEA
OF ETERNAL HELL-FIRE
QUITE LITERALLY, AND
WAS CAREFUL NOT TO SIN.



SMALL WONDER, THEN,
THAT A CERTAIN 4th
RATE MOVIE RUINED
HIS LIFE - AS WE
SHALL SEE...

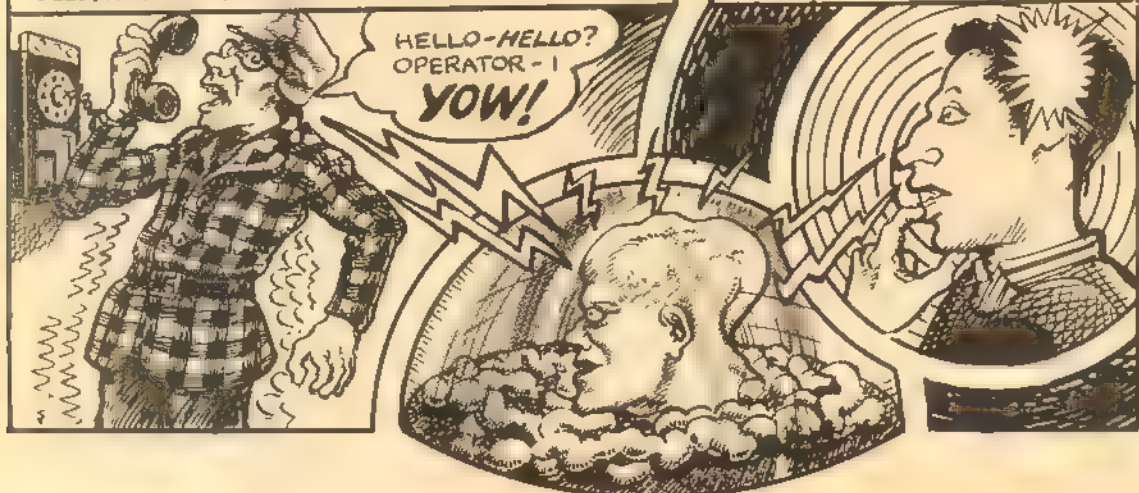




THIS MOVIE WAS A LOW-BUDGET SCI-FI THRILLER WHICH USED ALL THE SETS, PROPS AND COSTUMES FROM "THEM." ONLY THE TWIST WAS THAT (1.) ALL THESE GIGANTIC ANTS WERE CONTROLLED BY A MALIGNANT INTELLIGENCE UNDER A DOME WHICH GAVE ORDERS THROUGH TELEPATHY. (2.) THE ENTIRE GLOBE WAS HONEYCOMBED WITH PASSAGeways THROUGH WHICH THIS WHOPPER SPECIES WAS TO CONDUCT AN INVASION OF EVERY NATION. (3.) ONE DAY A DUCK HUNTER FELL INTO A HOLE, WAS IMMEDIATELY CAPTURED AND TAKEN TO THE HEAD-UNDER-GLASS. (4.) THE HEAD SILENTLY INFORMED THE INCREDULOUS HUNTER THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO EKE OUT THE REST OF HIS DAYS IN AN ANT'S NEST. (5.) AS THE HUMAN RACE HAD TO BE ALERTED OF THIS IMMINENT INVASION, THE HUNTER MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPED. **BUT...**

AS SOON AS HE GOT TO A TELEPHONE HE TRIED TO CALL THE POLICE, BUT HIS INTENTION WAS BLOCKED BY A TELEPATHIC COMMAND TO KILL HIMSELF!

AT THIS POINT, SOMETHING "CLICKED" INSIDE BINKY, WHO PASSED FROM CHILDHOOD TO OLD AGE IN 5 SECONDS.



SINCE THE ANT-LEADER COULD BE **OMNIPRESENT** AND **OMNISCIENT** JUST LIKE **GOD**, BINKY WAS SURE HE KNEW ABOUT THE TIMES WHEN HE **ANNIHILATED HORDES OF INSECTS!**



HE EXPECTED SOME KIND OF AWFUL COMMAND FROM THE **HEAD**, AND SURE ENOUGH, THERE **WAS** A **MESSAGE** FOR HIM...



EVERY **NASTY** **WORD** IN THE BOOK WELLED UP FROM HIS **BRAWLING BRAIN...**



...PLUS **BIZARRE**, **IRRATIONAL** **COMMANDS** BINKY JUST COULDN'T **SUPPRESS**.



HE **PRAYED** FOR **DIVINE INTERVENTION** BUT GOT MORE OF THE SAME.



SOMETIMES THE **COMMANDS** WEREN'T **BLASPHEMOUS**-MERELY **BOTHERSOME**.



SHUT THE DOOR



SMELL A SOCK



SAY 10 ROSARIES



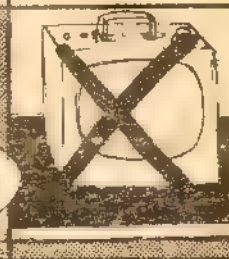
COUNT STAIRS



GO TO CHURCH



NO T.V. TONITE



"ORPHANS BURNING" HA HA

SUPPOSE I DON'T
PLAY ALONG?

THEN
YOUR MOM'S
TITS GET
MADE INTO
TOBACCO POUCHES!

BINKY'S LITTLE PUPPET SHOW SOON GOT
OUT OF HAND. HE JUST...COULDN'T...COPE...

UNGH!
IMPURE
THOUGHT!

GOD! I'M COVERED WITH
MEASURE!*

*MEASURE-(ME'SHOOR)-A BADLY SMEL-
LING, JELLY-LIKE SUBSTANCE COM-
POSED OF THE MENSTRUAL BLOOD
OF HUNDREDS OF WOMEN.

BINKY'S WEALTHY RELATIVES HAD HIM
COMMITTED TO A LUXURIOUS LOONEY BIN
WHERE HIS EVERY WISH WAS GRANTED.

ONE DAY HE DREW SOME
WIERD DIAGRAMS.

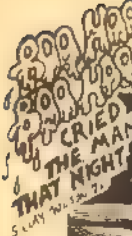
HE ALSO ORDERED!
220 LBS. SUGAR
440 LBS. TOPSOIL AND
8 PLATE GLASS WINDOWS

TODAY WE FIND HIM AT AGE 25 WITH A SALAD
BOWL ATOP HIS HEAD, COMMANDEERING THE
LARGEST ANT FARM IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM!

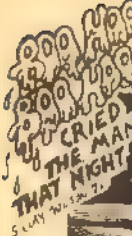
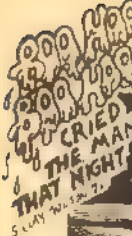
NYAHH HAH HAH! JUST GOES TO SHOW
YOU SCUM-LAPPERS THAT **CATHOLICISM** AND
SCIENCE FICTION DON'T MIX! NO WONDER SO
MANY ITALIANS ARE FUCKED UP. HEE HEE
BUT DON'T GET PISSED AT THE MOVIE-MAKERS,
DEARIE-IT'S REALLY THE **NUNS** THAT TURNED
POOR BINKY INTO AN INSECT. AFTER ALL,
THOUSANDS OF JEWS WHO SAW THAT VERY
SAME FLICK COULDN'T EVEN TELL YOU IF
THE ANTS **DID** TAKE OVER THE WORLD
OR NOT. HEH HEH WELL, KIDDOS-TIME TO
GREASE UP THE BROOMSTICK...

ME NO SIN

YOU CRIED
THE MAN
THAT NIGHT
S. LAY WILSON 71



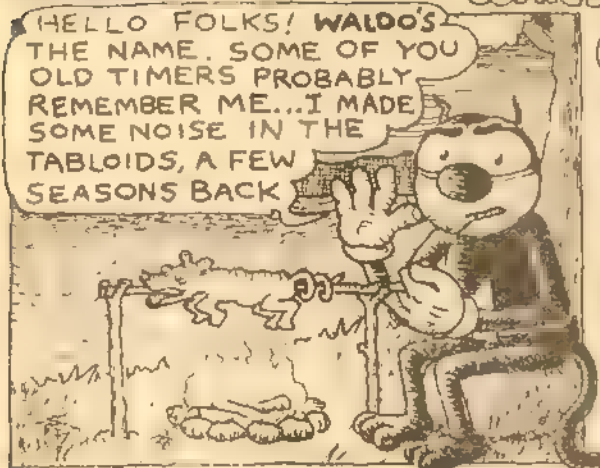
YOU CRIED
THE MAN
THAT NIGHT
S. LAY WILSON 71



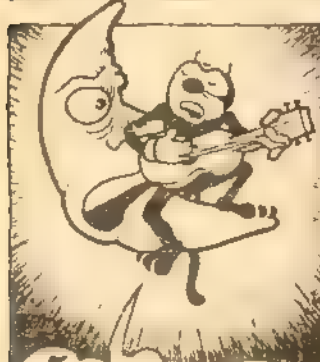
BLUE & TRUE

COMICS

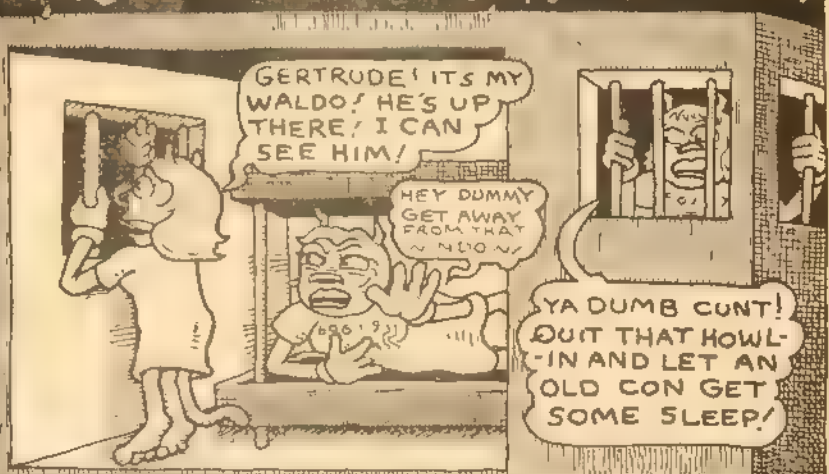
HELLO FOLKS! WALDO'S THE NAME. SOME OF YOU OLD TIMERS PROBABLY REMEMBER ME...I MADE SOME NOISE IN THE TABLOIDS, A FEW SEASONS BACK.



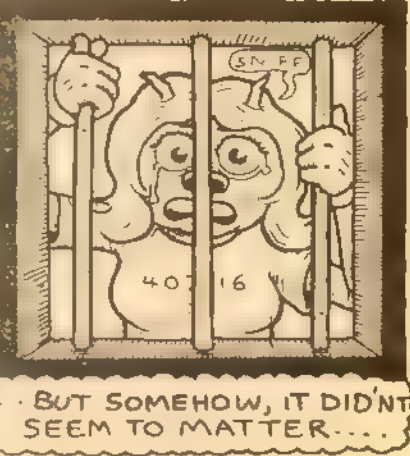
MY LUCK STARTED CRAPPIN OUT LONG AGO, BUT THE BIZZARE CHAIN OF EVENTS THAT GOT ME WHERE I AM TODAY, BEGAN LAST CHRISTMAS EVE



AM I BLOO!
AM I BLOOO!
AIN'T THESE STARS IN THE SKY TELLIN YOU



IT WAS A LITTLE AFTER 11 AND KITTY, (MY OLD LADY,) WAS EVEN SEEN IN THINGS....



I WAS OVER IN THE MEN'S WING, WITH PROBLEMS OF MY OWN

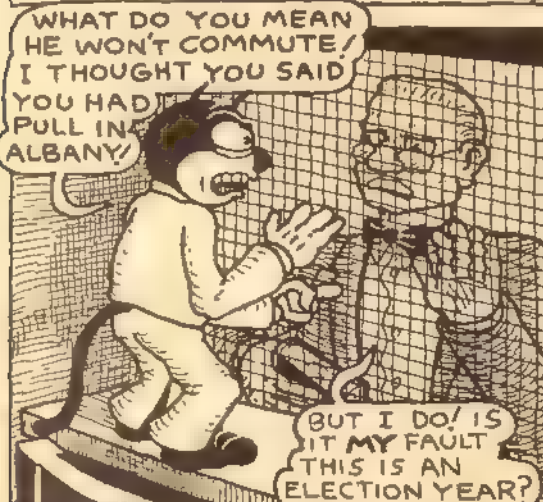


45 MINUTES! 45 LOUSY MINUTES BETWEEN ME AND GOD KNOWS WHAT!

C'MON CAT YER MOUTH PIECE IS HERE - AND HE DON'T LOOK TOO HAPPY (CHUCKLE)

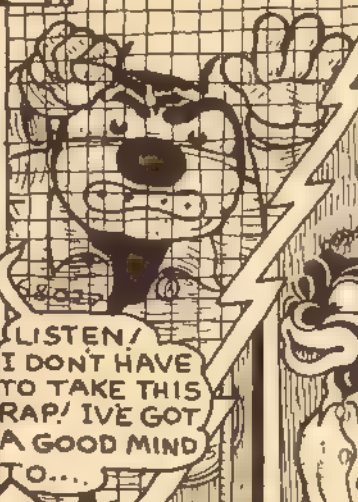


WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE WON'T COMMUTE! I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU HAD PULL IN ALBANY!



BUT I DO! IS IT MY FAULT THIS IS AN ELECTION YEAR?

LISTEN! I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THIS RAP! I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO...

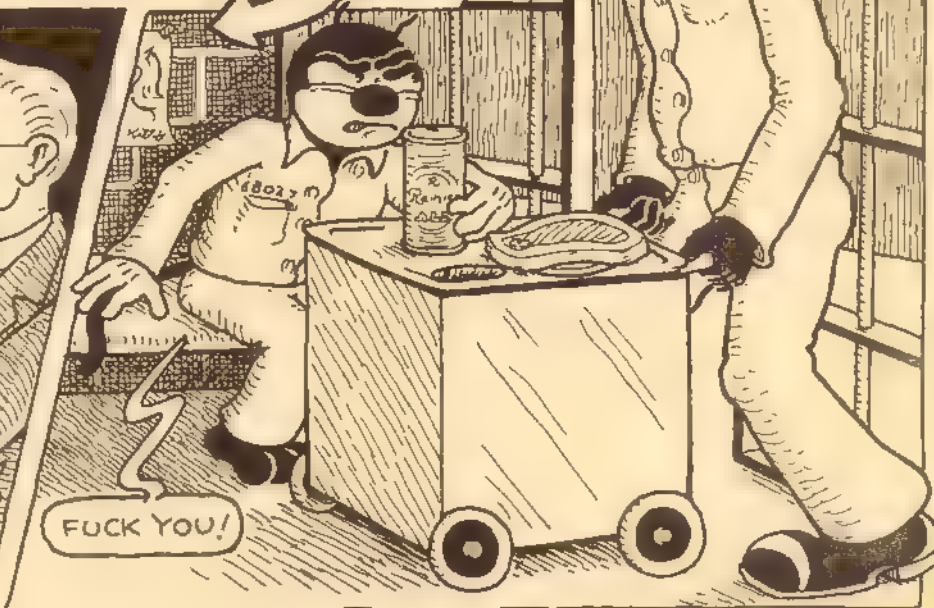


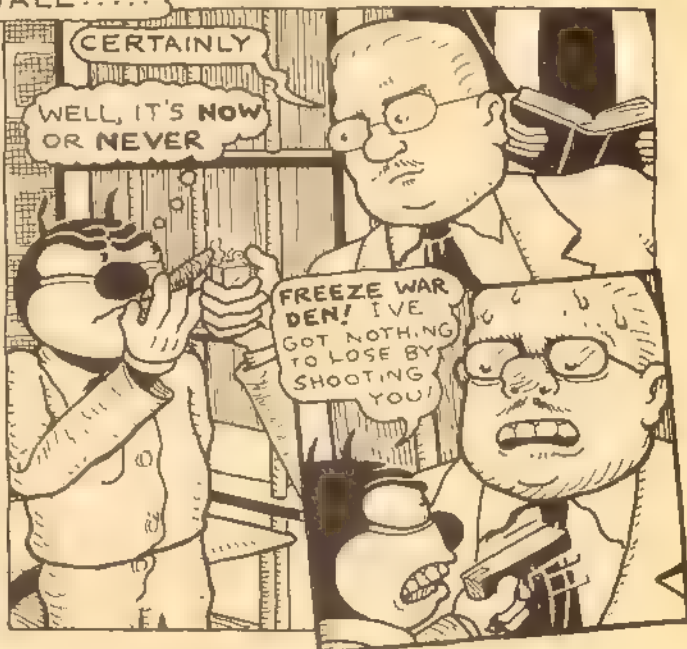
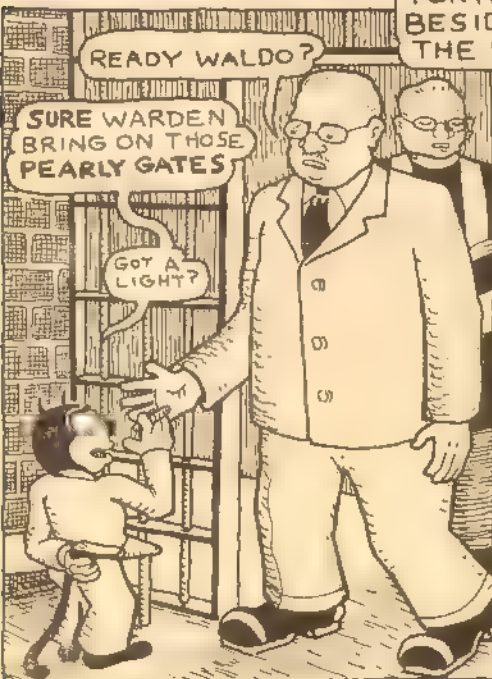
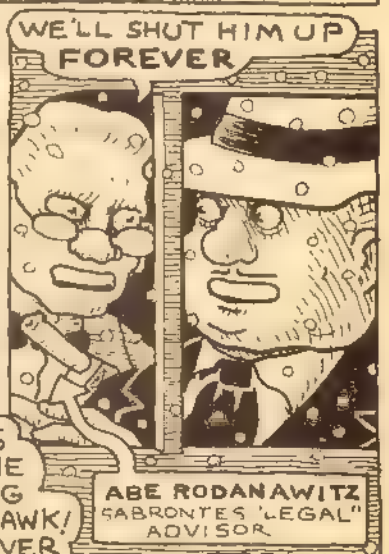
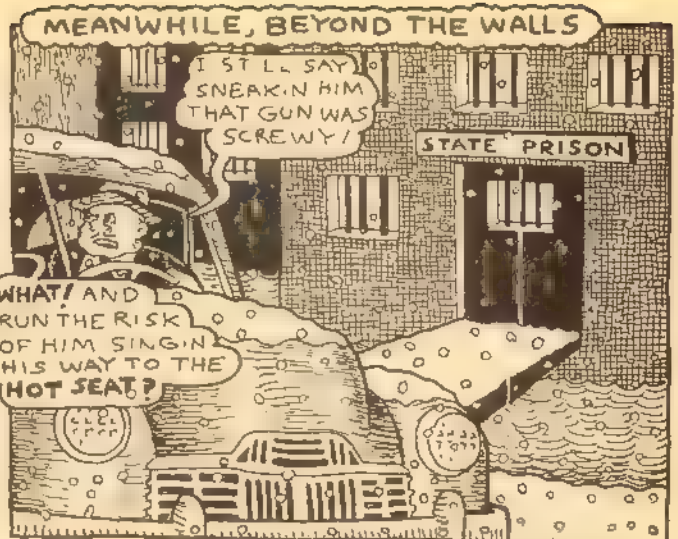
LATER
WELL HEAR IT IS BRO, DE LAST YO EVA SEE!



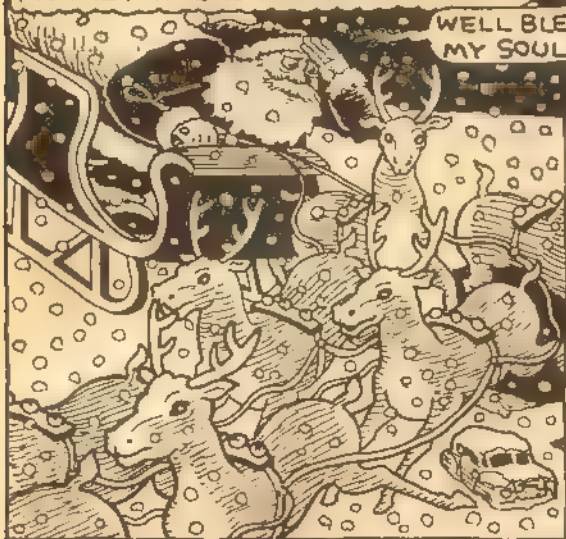
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! NOW LISTEN...

FUCK YOU!





JUST THEN FATE THREW A COSMIC
MONKEY WRENCH INTO THE AFFAIR



WELL BLESS
MY SOUL

WHAT A HELL OF
A PLACE TO GET
STRANDED!



IT BETTER GIVE
EM A HAND



GWAN! OPEN
THAT DOOR!

DARLING!
YOU'RE
ALIVE!

HUH?



DON'T YOU
BELIEVE IT
KID!



GASP!

OH GERTRUDE
HE'S DEAD!
HE'S DEAD!



MY HERO!

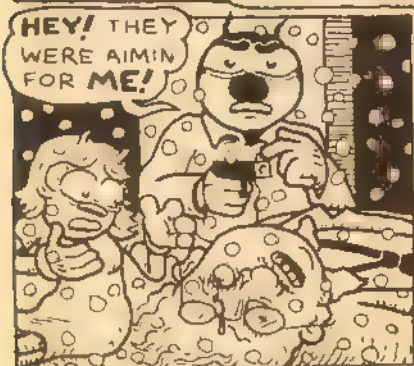
MINUTES
LATER

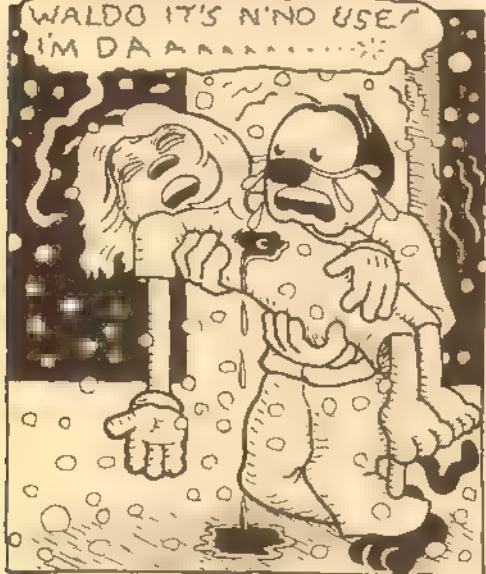
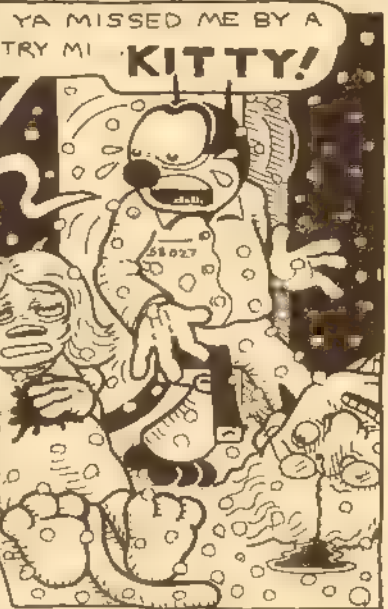
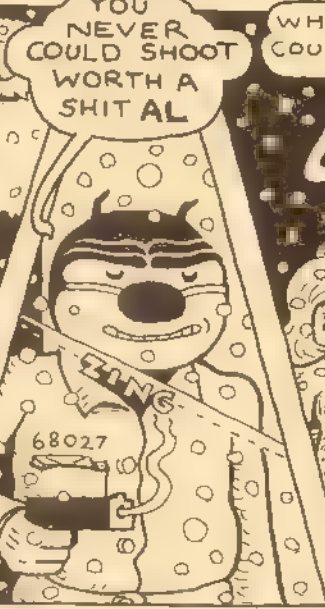
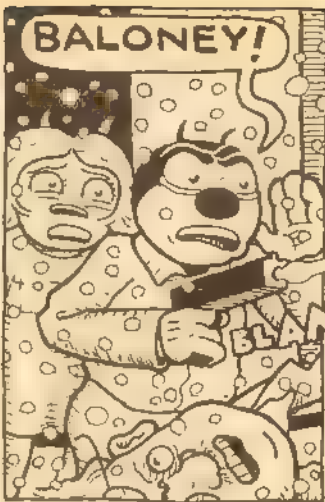


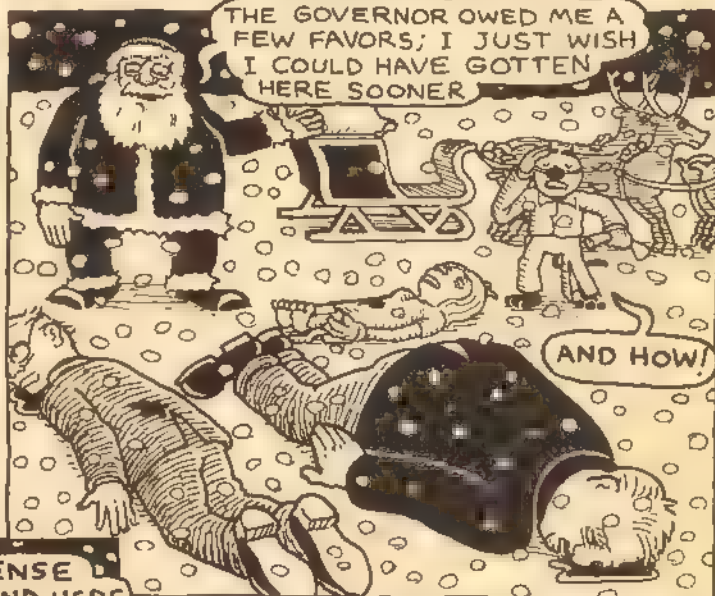
CAN THAT STUFF WILL YA!
WE AINT OUT OF THE
WOODS YET!

SAY, CAN I HELP YOU BOYS
OUT?











BUT MY WELCOME WORE THIN, ALL TOO SOON



MY LAST LINK WITH CIVILIZATION SEVERED, I TOOK TO THE WAYS OF THE WOOD



END
Kim Deitch

GHOUL TIT GREED

NICE
ONE

LET'S GET 'ER
HOME AND
TAKE HER
THINGS OFF

MERVIN AND OXO HAD THEMSELVES A FINE DEAD WENCH.

SHE'S PRETTY CUTE
YOUNG AND TENDER..

SHE AINT BEEN
DEAD TOO LONG,
LET'S PROP 'ER
UP IN DIS CHAIR

WHO'S TURN TO CARVE?
AND WHICH TIT DO YOU
WANNA START ON?

SHIT, I DONT
KNOW.. GO
AHEAD, YOU GOT
THE KNIFE,
WHICH TIT DID YOU
HAVE LAST TIME?

DONT REMEMBER,
BUT I'LL GET 'EM
OFF FIRST, OXO

SURE

THEY'RE PRETTY
MUCH THE
SAME SIZE
ANYWHO..

SURE

WHUP

SLUK

EACH GHOUL CHOWED DOWN ON A TIT... SUDDENLY OXO BARFED ALL OVER...

CHURF

HEE
HEE
HEE

HARR

GOOSH

I FORGOT- NNGGGNK
THE LEFT ONE ALWAYS
MAKES ME SICK.



TO RORY S. CLAY WILSON. 1970.

